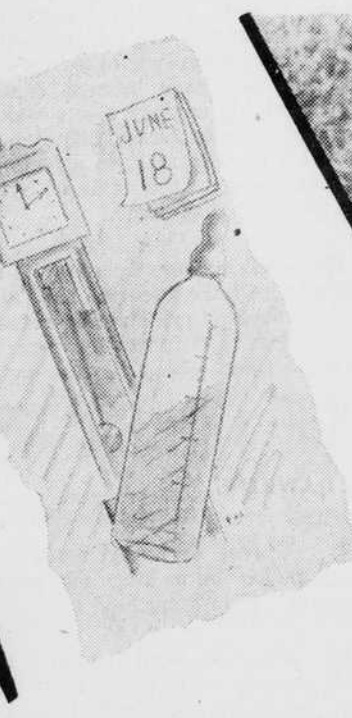
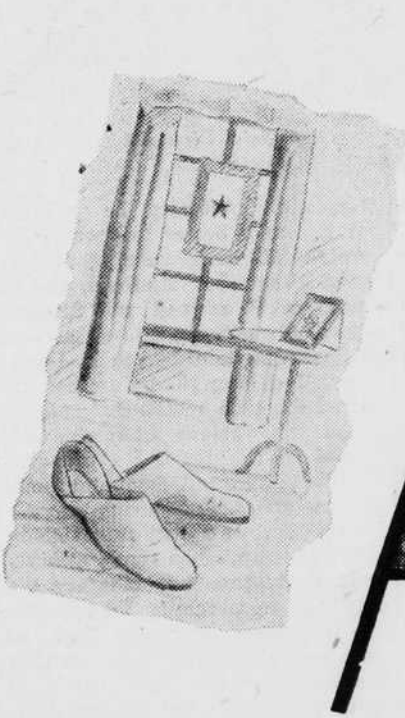
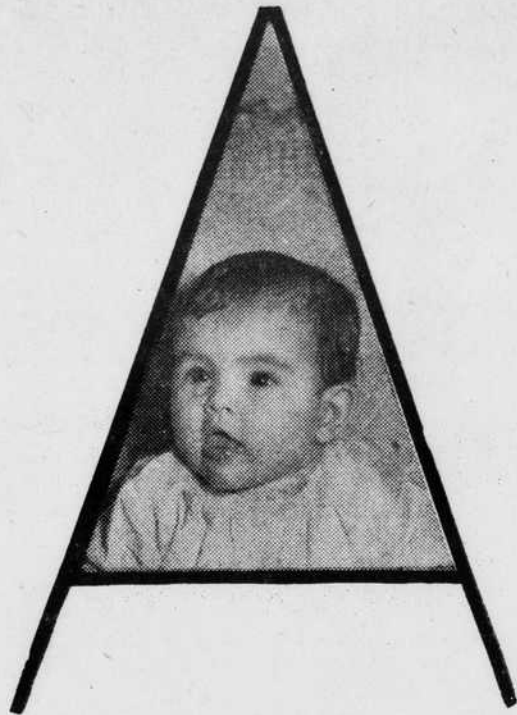


SALUTE TO BRADLEY FIELD FATHERS



Father's Day comes but once a year; however, the fathers of the babies pictured above play the proud role of "Dads" 365 days a year and then some. "O.K.," say they, "two o'clock feedings and walking the floor mightn't be considered fun but it's sure worth it." And they mean it too. Just ask the man who owns one.

At the moment we could name a couple of hundred proud proud fathers who call Bradley "Home," but lack of space prevented the BEAM from printing all but a few of what we feel are a representative group of Bradley "babies." We present them for your approval and extend a salute to all of Bradley's proud Pops.

Robert Jac Greenbaum, 16 months old, looks quizzical as he peers out at you from the upper half of the first "D." Sgt. William Greenbaum, of the Base Photo Lab, is Bobby's Dad. Cpl. Milton Silbert's son, Steven M., 17 months old, is the handsome lad in the lower half. Miss Nathalie Anne Gray, 7 months old, made CWO William S. Gray a very happy man when she was born. Is there any wonder? The "A" she graces must stand for an ace. Little

Janet Beth Sayles, 7 month old daughter of Pvt. E. L. Sayles, occupies the top spot in the next letter. Daddy works in Unit Personnel. The son and daughter of M/Sgt. Ray Lefevere, 16th Photo Lab, are directly below Miss Sayles. Raymond George Lefevere is not quite two-years old and his "kid" sister, Susan Jayne, is nine-months-old. The "S" belongs entirely to Section C. First on the list, and first in his Daddy's eyes,

is Carlton E. Wilkins, seven-month-old pride and joy of F/Sergeant Willie E. Wilkins. A good mate for young Carlton is Catherine Ann Worley, who is five months his senior. Pvt. Frank Worley, who sometimes writes "Strolling Through the Ranks" is her Pop. Gary John Dreyer's happy expression takes priority in the second line "D." His Pa is the First Sergeant of Section B and they have become very well acquainted with

each other in the year that they've known each other. The youngest one of all, is Richard Martin Falbo, who is just a month old today. Sgt. Anthony Falbo, of the Base Motor Pool, was literally "sweating him out" this time last month. The hungry looking little fellow in the "A" is none other than Malcolm L. Hernandez, Jr., who has seen eight months flit by. He comes by his appetite naturally as his Daddy is Cpl. M.

L. H., co-editor of this up and coming sheet. The baby boy, who appears to be eyeing the 0200 bottle is Eric Lee Stowe, 19-month-old son of S/Sgt. Algernon R. Stowe, NCOIC of the Base Photo Lab.

The BEAM wishes to thank Cpl. Jack Emslie and the Base Photo Lab for their splendid cooperation in the making up of the above series of pictures. Sgt. Fred Counsel, of the 162nd AAF Base Unit (FC), supplied the art work.



YOUR ROVING REPORTER

Roving around, we made a hasty decision and paid a visit to Hartford, Sunday, where we found Count Basie and his jump band beating it out at the State. The house was in a solid condition on those groovy numbers with the local citizens getting hep-catty. We liked Jimmie Rushing on those amusing renditions. A good assortment of entertainment including the dancing of the famed Nichols brothers...For a light snack and real hospitality, drop into the Masonic Service Center which is near the bus terminal...Later caught the weekly dance at the K. of C. which is always a nice affair to attend.

Our weekly Monday dance did not have too great an attendance by you G.I.s. The charmers outnumbered us for the first time...Observed Cpl. Vengerow keeping a lovely femme in a happy mood...Miss Dotty Fisher, a constant visitor to the G.I. dances, always manages to have a good time...Cpl. Dave Salustri after sitting out most of the numbers, finally gave in and smoothed the leather on the boards...Wac Rita Kehoe did the dancing while chum "Smitty" did the observing from a good spot (near the food table)...Later at Joe's we saw Wac Mary Bagby, with a scrumptious tan, having a snack...Cpl. Limey Benjamin with his "Green Hornet" at the door kept six angels of mercy in a high state of hilarity in his own witty way.

It was farewell to Pfc. Jerry (Pin-Up Boy) Young at the USO Tuesday.

He bid adieu to Bradley and shipped himself off to gunnery school...A lot of credit is due to our own Pfc. "Guy" Borelli on his composition and arrangement of "Porky's Package." Say, Porky, how's about sharing that package next time it's received from home?...

Three men invaded the Wednesday night dance. Whereas they should have taken advantage of the man shortage they sat like kings upon a pedestal; they knew the eyes were upon them...Any of you guys or gals interested in dancing under the open sky with no cover charge? Just pay a visit to Colt Park, located off Weathersfield Avenue in Hartford. We understand that there is dancing four nights a week. A good deal all around. Go either stag or couples. We felt that it was an evening well spent and it rates four stars. Take a hop out there and I'm sure that you'll like it...

That Section "G" Party at the Lithuanian Hall in Hartford was a corker indeed. With the G.I. band providing the music and refreshments to make one gay, it turned out to be an enjoyable evening for all present...Those hilarious guys, the Luddy brothers, had their usual good time by being frivolous and entertaining...Sgt. St. Mauro, aside from squiring a cute little trick most of the time, took part in a general songfest dans la salle de beverage. Paul has versatility plus and then some!...1st Sgt. Ginty continues to shuffle those tootsies in a manner quite all his own which seems to be pleasing to the femmes...Sgt. Kubecki, after getting in spirits quite high decided to make with the feet on the dance floor...That G.I. butcher (WOLF), Sgt. Lemos, roaming hither, thither and yon! Any luck in your travels, Roger?...Sgt. Ochmanski with a beauty by his side at all times. Who said that it is an allergy?...Sgt. Pryor, Cpl. Brennan and Sgt. Stowe up to their usual tricks for the evening...Pvt. Jenkins conversing with a cozy chick in a convenient corner. Some quiet operating we presume!...T/Sgt. Fredericks tossing pennies from the balcony with a beautiful blonde at his side...Sgt. Heller making his presence known. We always find Herman in that jovial mood. A gala time and loads of fun. ASPIRIN, here I come!